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*Shakespeare.*

THE  
First part of the Con-  
tention betwixt the two famous hou-  
ses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the  
death of the good Duke  
Humphrey:

And the banishment and death of the Duke of  
Suffolke, and the Tragical end of the proud Cardinall  
of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of  
Jacke Cade:

*And the Duke of Yorkes first clayme to the  
Crowne.*



LONDON  
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1600.





The first part of the Contention of  
the two famous Houses of Yorke and  
Lancaster, with the death of the  
good Duke Humphrey.

Enter at one doore, King Henry the sixth, and Humphrey Duke of  
Gloster, the Duke of Somerset, the Duke of Buckingham, Car-  
dinall Beauford, and other.

Enter at the other doore, the Duke of Yorke, and the Marquesse of  
Suffolke, and Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Salisbury and  
Warwicke.

Suffolke.



S by your high imperiall Maiesties command,  
I had in charge at my depart for France,  
As Procurator for your excellence,  
To marry Princes Margaret for your grace,  
So in the auncient famous Citie Towres,  
In presence of the Kings of France & Cysile,  
The Dukes of Orleance, Calaber, Brittain, and Alonson.  
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, and then the reuerend Bishops,  
I did performe my taske and was espoused,  
And now, most humbly on my bended knees,  
In sight of England and her royall Peeres,  
Deliver vp my title in the Queene,  
Vnto your gracious excellence, that are the substance  
Of that great shadow I did represent:  
The happiest gift that euer Marquesse gaue,

A 2

The



The fairest Queene that euer King possesse.

*King.* Suffolke arise.

Welcom Queene Margaret to English Henries Court,  
The greatest shew of kindnesse yet we can bestow,  
Is this kind kisse: O gracious God of heauen,  
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness,  
For in this beauteous face thou hast bestowd  
A world of pleasures to my perplexed soule.

*Queene.* Th' excessiue loue I beare vnto your grace,  
Forbids me to be lauish of my tongue,  
Lest I should speake more then becomes a woman:  
Let this suffice, my blisse is in your liking,  
And nothing can make poore Margaret miserable,  
Vnlesse the crowne of mightie Englands King.

*King.* Her lookes did wound, but now speech doth pierce,  
Louely Queene Margaret sit downe by my side,  
And vnckle Gloster, and you lordly Peeres,  
With one voice welcome my beloved Queene.

*All.* Long liue Queene Margaret Englands happinesse.

*Queene.* We thanke you all.

Sound Trumpets.

*Suffolke.* My lord Protector, so it please your grace,  
Here are the Articles confirm'd of peace,  
Betwene our soueraigne and the French King Charles,  
Till terme of eightene months be full expirde.

*Humphrey.* Inprimis, It is agreed between the French king  
Charles, and William de la Poole, Marquesse of Suffolke, embas-  
sador for Henry king of England, that the said Henry shal wed  
and espouse the lady Margaret, daughter to Raynard King of  
Naples, Cyffels, and Ierusalem, and crown her Queen of Eng-  
land, ere the 20. of the next moneth.

*Item.* It is further agreed between them, that the Dutches of  
Anioy and of Maine, shalbe released and deliuered ouer to the  
King her fa.

Duke Humphrey lets it fall.

*Xi.* How now vnckle, whats the matter that you stay so sodenly.

*Hum.* Pardon my Lord, a sodain qualm came ouer my hart,

VVhich

VVhich dimmes mine eies that I can see no more,  
Vnckle of Winchester I pray you reade on.

*Cardinal.* Item, It is further agreed betwene them, that the  
Dutches of Anioy, and of Maine, shal be released and deliue-  
red ouer to the King her father, and she sent ouer of the King  
of Englands owne proper cost and charges without dowry.

*King.* They please vs well, lord Marquesse kneel down, we  
here create thee first Duke of Suffolke, and girt thee with the  
sword. Cofin of Yorke, we here discharge your grace from  
being Regent in the parts of France, till terme of 18. months  
be full expirde.

Thankes vnckle Winchester, Gloster, Yorke, and Buckingham,  
Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwicke.

VVe thanke you all for this great fauour done,  
In entertainment to my princely Queene,  
Come let vs in, and with all speede provide  
To see her Coronation be performde.

*Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke, and Duke*

*Humphrey staires all the rest.*

*Humph.* Braue Peeres of England, Pillers of the state,  
To you Duke Humphrey must vnfolde his griepe,  
VVhat did my brother Henry toyle himselfe,  
And waste his subiects for to conquer France?  
And did my brother Bedford spend his time  
To keepe in awe that stout vnruely Realme?  
And haue not I and mine vnckle Bewford here,  
Done all we could to keepe that land in peace?  
And is all our labors then spent in vaine,  
For Suffolke hiethe new made duke that rules the roaft,  
Hath giuen away for our King Henries Queene,  
The Dutches of Anioy and Maine vnto her father.  
Ah lords, fatall is this mariage canselling our states,  
Reuerfing Monuments of conquered France,  
Vndoing all, as none had nere beene done.

*Card.* VVhy how now cofin Gloster, what needes this?  
As if our King were bound vnto your will,  
And might not do his will without your leaue:

A 3

Prowd



Prowd Protector, enuy in thine eies I see,  
The big swolne venome of thy hatefull heart,  
That dare presume gainst that thy soueraigne likes.

*Hum.* Nay my Lord, tis not my words that troubles you,  
But my presence, prowde Prelate as thou art:  
But ile be gone, and giue thee leaue to speake,  
Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,  
I prophesied France would be lost ere long.

*Exit Duke Humphrey.*

*Card.* There goes our protector in a rage,  
My lords, you know he is my great enemy,  
And though he be Protector of the land,  
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts,  
For well you see, if he but walke the streetes,  
The common people swarme about him straight,  
Crying, Iesus blesse your royall excellence,  
With God preferue the good Duke Humphrey,  
And many things besides that are not knowne,  
Which time will bring to light in sinooth Duke Humphrey,  
But I will after him, and if I can,  
Ile lay a plot to heaue him from his seate.

*Exit Cardinal.*

*Buck.* But let vs watch this haughtie Cardinall,  
Cosen of Somerset, be rulde by me,  
Weele watch Duke Humphrey and the Cardinall too,  
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.

*Som.* Thanks cosin Buckingham, ioyne thou with me,  
And both of vs with the Duke of Suffolke,  
Weele quickly heaue Duke Humphrey from his seate.

*Buck.* Content, come let vs about it straight,  
For either thou or I will be Protector.

*Exit Buckingham and Somerset.*

*Salb.* Pride went before, Ambition followes after,  
Whilst these do seeke their owne preferments thus,  
My Lords, let vs seeke for our countries good,  
Oft haue I heard this haughtie Cardinall  
Swear, and forswear himselfe, and braue it out,

More

More like a Ruffin then a man of church.  
Cosen Yorke, the victories thou hast wonne,  
In Ireland, Normandie, and in France,  
Hath wonne thee immortall praise in England.  
And thou braue *Warwicke*, my thrice valiant sonne,  
Thy simple plainnesse and thy house-keeping,  
Hath wonne thee credite amongst the common sort,  
The reuerence of mine age, and Neuels name,  
Is of no little force if I commaund,  
Then let vs ioyne all three in one for this,  
That good Duke Humphrey may his state possesse,  
But wherefore weepes *Warwicke* my noble sonne?

*War.* For grieve that all is lost that *Warwicke* wonne.

*Sonnes.* Antoy and Maine, both giuen away at once,  
Why *Warwick* did win them, & must that then which we won  
with our swords, be giuen away with wordes?

*Yorke.* As I haue read, our Kings of England were woont to  
haue large dowries with their wiues, but our king Henry  
giues away his owne.

*Salb.* Come sonnes, away, and looke vnto the maine.

*War.* Vnto the Maine, oh father, Maine is lost,  
VWhich *Warwicke* by maine force did win from France,  
Maine chance father you meant, but I meane *Maine*,  
Which I wil win from France, or els be slaine.

*Exit Salisbury and Warwick.*

*Yorke.* Antoy and Maine, both giuen vnto the French,  
Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,  
Euen as I haue of fertill England.

A day will come when Yorke shall claime his owne,  
And therefore I will take the Neuels parts,  
And make a show of loue to prowde Duke Humphrey:  
And when I spie aduantage, claime the Crowne,  
For thats the golden marke I seeke to hit:  
Nor shall prowde *Lancaster* vsurp my right,  
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,  
Nor wear the Diademe vpon his head,  
Whose church-like humors fits not for a Crowne:

Then



Then Yorke be still a while till time do serue,  
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,  
To prye into the secrets of the state,  
Till Henry surfeiting in ioyes of loue,  
With his new bride, and Englands deare bought Queene,  
And Humphrey with the Peeres be false at iarres,  
Then will I raise aloft the milke-white Rose,  
With whose sweete smell the ayre shall be perfumde,  
And in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,  
To grapple with the house of Lancaster:  
And force perforce, Ile make him yeeld the Crowne,  
Whose bookeish rule hath puld faire England downe.

*Exit Yorke.*

*Enter Duke Humphrey, and Dame Eleanor  
Cobham his wife.*

*Elnor.* Why droopes my Lord like ouer ripened corne,  
Hanging the head at Cearies plenteous load?  
What seest thou Duke Humphrey King Henries Crowne?  
Reach at it, and if thine arme be too short,  
Mine shall lengthen it. Art not thou a Prince,  
Vnckle to the King and his Protector?

Then what shouldst thou lacke that might content thy mind?

*Humph.* My louely Nell, far be it from my heart,  
To thinke of Treasons gainst my soueraigne lord,  
But I was troubled with a dreame to night,  
And God I pray, it do betide no ill.

*Elnor.* What dreamt my lord? Good Humphrey tel it me,  
And ile interpret it, and when thats done,  
Ile tell thee then what I did dreame to night.

*Humph.* This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamt that  
This my staffe mine Office badge in Court,  
Was broke in two, and on the ends were plac'd,  
The heads of the Cardinall of Winchester,  
And William de la Poole first Duke of Suffolke.

*Elnor.* Tush my Lord, this signifies nought but this,

*That*

That he that breakes a stick of Glosters groue,  
Shall for th' offence, make forfeit of his head.  
But now my lord, ile tell you what I dreamt,  
Me thought I was in the Cathedrall Church  
At Westminster, and seated in the chaire  
Where the Kings and Queenes are crownde, and at my feete  
Henry and Margaret with a crowne of gold,  
Stood ready to set it on my princely head.

*Humph.* Fie Nell, ambitious woman as thou art,  
Art thou not second woman in this land,  
And the Protectors wife, belou'd of him,  
And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus?  
Away I say, and let me heare no more.

*Elnor.* How now my Lord! what, angry with your Nell  
For telling but her dreame? the next I haue  
Ile keepe to my selfe and not be rated thus.

*Humph.* Nay Nell, ile giue no credit to a dreame,  
But I would haue thee to thinke on no such things.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Messen.* And it please your grace the King and Queene to  
morrow morning will ride a hawking to Saint Albones, and  
craues your companie along with them.

*Humph.* With all my heart, I will attend his grace:  
Come Nell, thou wilt go with vs I am sure.

*exit Humphrey.*

*Elnor.* Ile come after you, for I cannot go before,  
But ere it belong, ile go before them all,  
Despight of all that seeke to crosse me thus,  
Who is within there?

*Enter sir Iohn Hum.*

What sir Iohn Hum, what newes with you?

*sir Iohn.* Iesus preserue your maiesty.

*Elnor.* My maiesty, why man I am but grace,

B

fir



*fir Iohn* Yea, but by the grace of God and Hums aduise,  
Your graces state shall be aduans't ere long.

*Elnor.* What hast thou conferr'd with *Margery Iordane*, the  
cunning witch of *Ely*, with *Roger Bullinbrooke* and the rest,  
and will they vndertake to do me good?

*fir Iohn* I haue Madam, and they haue promised me to raise  
a spirit from the depth of vnder ground, that shall tell your  
grace all questions you demaund.

*Elnor.* Thanks good *fir Iohn*, some two daies hence I gesse  
Will fit our time, then see that they be here:  
For now the King is riding to Saint Albons,  
And all the Dukes and Earles along with him:  
When they be gone, then safely they may come,  
And on the backside of my Orchard here,  
There cast their spells in silence of the night,  
And so resolute of the thing we wish,  
Till when, drinke that for my sake; and so farewell.

*exit Elnor.*

*fir Iohn* Now *fir Iohn Hum*, no words but mum,  
Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be,  
These gifts ere long will make me mighty rich,  
The Dutches she thinkes now that all is well,  
But I haue gold comes from another place,  
From one that hyred me to set her on,  
To plot these treasons gainst the King and Peeres,  
And that is the mightie duke of Suffolke,  
For he it is, but I must not say so,  
That by my meanes must worke the Dutches fall,  
Who now by coniurations thinkes to raise:  
But whist *fir Iohn*, no more of that I trow,  
For feare you lose your head before you go.

*exit.*

*Enter two Petitioners, and Peter the  
Armourers man.*

*1 Peti.* Come sirs, let vs linger here abouts a while,  
Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,

That

That we may shew his grace our seuerall causes.

*2 Peti.* I pray God saue the good Humphries life,  
For but for him, a many were vndone,  
That can get no succour in the Court,  
But see where he comes with the Queene.

*Enter the Duke of Suffolke with the Queene, and they  
take him for Duke Humphrey, and giues  
him their wrtings.*

*1 Peti.* Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of Suffolke.

*Queen* Now good felows, whom would you speak withal?

*2 Peti.* If it please your maiestie, with my Lord Protectors  
Grace.

*Queene* Are your sutes to his grace? let vs see them first,  
Looke on them my Lord of Suffolke.

*Suffolke.* A comp'aint against the Cardinalls man,  
What hath he done?

*2 Peti.* Mary my lord, he hath stolne away my wife,  
And th'are gone together, and I know not where to find them.

*Suffolk.* Hath he stolne thy wife, thats some iniury indeed,  
But what say you?

*Peter Thump.* Mary sir I come to tell you that my master  
said, that the Duke of Torke was true heire vnto the Crowne,  
and that the King was an vsurer.

*Queene* An vsurper thou wouldst say.

*Peter* Yea forsooth an vsurper.

*Queene* Didst thou say the King was an vsurper?

*Peter* No forsooth, I said my master said so, th'other day  
when we were scowring the Duke of Yorkes armour in our  
garret.

*Suff.* Yea mary this is something like,  
Who's within there?

*Enter one or two.*

Sirra take this fellow and keepe him close,  
And send out a Purseuant for his master straight,  
Wee'll heare more of this before the King.

B 2

*exit*



*Exit with the Armourers man.*

Now sir whats yours? let me see it,  
V Vhats here?

A complaint against the Duke of Suffolke for inclosing the commons of long Melford.

How now sir knaue?

I Peti. I beseech your grace to pardon mee, I am but a messenger for the whole towne-ship.

He teares the papers.

Suffolke. So now show your petition to Duke Humphrey. Villaines get ye gone, and come not neare the Court, Dare these pefants write against me thus?

*exeunt Petitioners.*

Queene. My Lord of Suffolke, you may see by this, The Commons loues vnto that haughtie Duke, That seekes to him more then to King Henry, V Vhose eies are alwaies poring on his booke, And ne're regards the honour of his name, But still must be protected like a child, And gouerned by that ambitious Duke, That scarce will moue his cap, nor speake to vs, And his prowd wife, high minded Elanor, That ruffles it with such a troope of ladies, As strangers in the Court takes her for the Queene. The other day she vaunted to her maides, That the very traine of her worst gowne, Was worth more wealth then all my fathers lands, Can any grieve of mind be like to this?

I tell thee Poole, when thou didst runne at Tilt, And stolst away our ladies hearts in France, I thought King Henry had beene like to thee, Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France.

Suffolk. Madame, content your selfe a little while, As I was cause of your comming to England, So wil I in England work your ful content: And as for prowd Duke Humphrey and his wife, I haue set lime-twigs that will intangle them,

As

As that your grace ere long shall vnderstand.  
But stay madame, here comes the King.

*Enter King Henry, and the Duke of York and the Duke of Somerset on both sides of the King, whispering with him: and enter Duke Humphrey, Dame Elnor, the Duke of Buckingham, the Earle of Salisbury, the Earle of Warwicke, and the Cardinall of Winchester.*

King. My lords, I care not who be Regent in Fraunce, or Yorke, or Somerset, alls one to me.

Yorke. My lord, if Yorke haue ill demeande himselfe, Let Somerset enioy his place, and go to France.

Som. Then whom your grace thinke worthy, let him goe, And there be made the Regent ouer the French.

Warwicke. Whom soeuer you account worthy, Yorke is the worthiest.

Cardinall. Peace Warwicke, giue thy betters leaue to speak.

War. The Cardinall's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this place are thy betters farre.

War. And Warwicke may liue to be the best of all.

Queen. My Lord, in mine opinion, it were best that Somerset were regent ouer France.

Humph. Madame, our King is old enough himselfe, To giue his answer without your consent.

Queen. If he be bold enough, what needes your grace To be protector ouer him so long?

Humph. Madame, I am but Protector ouer the land, And when it please his grace, I will resigne my charge.

Suffolk. Resigne it then, for since that thou wast King, As who is King but thee? the common state Doth (as we see,) all wholly go to wracke, And millions of treasure hath beene spent, And as for the Regent ship of France, I say Somerset is more worthy than Yorke.

Yorke. Ile tell thee Suffolke why I am not worthy, Because I cannot flatter as thou canst.

B 3

War.



War. And yet the worthy deedes that Yorke hath done,  
Should make him worthy to be honored here.

Suff. Peace headstrong Warwicke.

War. Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?

Suff. Because here is a man accusde of Treason,  
Pray God the Duke of Yorke do cleare himselfe.  
Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.

*Enter the Armourer and his man.*

If it please your grace, this fellow here, hath accused his master  
of high Treason, and his words were these.  
That the duke of Yorke was law ful heire vnto the crowne, and  
that your grace was an vsurper.

Yorke I beseech your grace let him haue what punishment  
the law will afford, for his villany.

King. Come hither fellow, didst thou speake these words?

Armor. An't shal please your maiesty, I neuer said any such  
matter, God is my witnesse, I am falsly accused by this villaine  
here.

Peter Tis no matter for that, you did say so.

Yorke I beseech your grace let him haue the law.

Armor. Alas my Lord, hang me if euer I spake these words,  
my accuser is my prentise, and when I did correct him for his  
fault the other day, he did vow vpon his knees that he would  
be euen with me, I haue good witnesse of this, and therefore  
I beseech your maiesty do not cast away an honest man for a  
villaines accusation.

King Vnckle Gloster, what do you thinke of this?

Humph. The law my Lord is this by case, it rests suspitious,  
That a day of combate be appointed,  
And there to trie each others right or wrong,  
Which shall be on the thirtieth of this month,  
With Eben staues, and Standbags combating  
In Smithfield, before your Royall Maiesty.

*exit Humphrey.*

Armor. And I accept the combate willingly.

Peter. Alas my Lord, I am not able to fight.

Suff. You must either fight sirra, or else be hangde:

Goe

Go take him hence againe to prison. *exit with them*  
The Queene lets fall her gloue, and hits the Dutches of Gloster  
a boxe on the eare.

Queene Giue me my gloue, why minion can you not see?  
She strikes her.

I crie you mercy Madame, I did mistake,  
I did not thinke it had beene you.

Elnor. Did you not, prowd French-woman,  
Could I come neare your daintie visage with my nailes,  
I de set my ten commandements in your face.

King Be pacient gentle Aunt,  
It was against her will.

Elnor Against her will! good King, sheele dandle thee,  
If thou wilt alwaies thus be rulde by her:  
But let it rest, as sure as I do liue,  
She shall not strike dame Elnor vnreuengde.

*exit Elnor.*

King Beleue me my loue, thou wert much too blame,  
I would not for a thousand pounds of gold,  
My noble vnckle had beene here in place.

*Enter Duke Humphrey*

But see where he comes, I am glad he met her not:  
Vnckle Gloster, what answere makes your grace  
Concerning our Regent for the Realme of France?  
Whom thinkes your grace is meetest for to send?

Humph. My gracious Lord, then this is my resolute,  
For that these words the Armourer doth speake,  
Doth breede suspition on the part of Yorke,  
Let Somerset be Regent ouer the French,  
Till trial's made, and Yorke may cleere himselfe.

King. Then be it so my Lord of Somerset,  
We make your grace Regent ouer the French,  
And to defend our rights gainst forraine foes,  
And so do good vnto the Realme of France,  
Make haste my Lord, tis time that you were gone,  
The time of truce I thinke is full expirde.

Somer. I humbly thanke your royall maicstie,

And



*The first part of the contention of the two famous*  
And take my leaue to poste with speede to France.

*exit Somerset.*

*King* Come vnckle Gloster, now lets haue our horse,  
For we will to Saint Albones presently,  
Madame, your hawke, they say, is swift of flight,  
And we will trie, how she will flie to day. *exunt omnes.*

*Enter Elnor, with sir Iohn Hum, Roger Bullenbrooke a Coniurer,*  
*and Margery Iourdain a Witch.*

*Elnor.* Here sir Iohn, take this scrole of paper here,  
Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske,  
And I will stand vpon this Tower here,  
And heare the spirit what it saies to you,  
And to my questions, write the answers downe.

*She goes vp to the Tower.*

*sir Iohn.* Now sirs begin and cast your spels about,  
And charme the fiends for to obey your wills,  
And tell Dame Elnor of the thing she askes.

*Witch.* Then Roger Bullenbrooke, about thy taske,  
And frame a circle here vpon the earth,  
Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face,  
Do talke and whisper with the diuells below,  
And coniure them for to obey my will.

*She lies downe vpon her face.*

*Bullenbrooke makes a circle.*

*Bullen* Darke night, dread night, the silence of the night,  
Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,  
Send vp I charge you from Sotetus lake,  
The spirit *Askalon* to come to me,  
To pierce the bowells of this centricke earth,  
And hither come in twinckling of an eie,  
*Askalon, Ascenda, Ascenda.*

*It thunders and lightens, and then the spirit*  
*riseth vp.*

*spirit.* Now Bullenbrooke, what wouldst thou haue me do?

*Bullen.* First, of the King, what shall become of him?

*spirit.*

*spirit.* The Duke yet liues that Henry shall depose,  
Yet him out liue, and die a violent death.

*Bullen.* What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?

*spirit.* By water he shall die, and take his end.

*Bullen.* What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

*spirit.* Let him shun castles, safer shall he be vpon the sandy  
plaines, where castles mounted stand.

Now question me no more, for I must hence againe.

*He sinkes downe againe.*

*Bullen.* Then downe I say, vnto the damned poole,  
Where Pluto in his fire waggon sits,  
Riding amidst the singde and parched smoakes,  
The Rode of Dytas by the riuer Styx,  
There howle and burne for euer in those flames,  
Rise Iordane, rise, and stay thy charming spells:  
Sonnes, we are betraide.

*Enter the Duke of Torke, and the duke of Buckingham*  
*and others.*

*Torke* Come sirs, lay hands on them, and bind them sure,  
This time was well watcht: what Madame, are you there?  
This will be great credit for your husband,  
That you are plotting treasons thus with Coniurers,  
The King shall haue a notice of this thing.

*exit Elnor aboue.*

*Buck.* See here my Lord what the diuell hath writ.

*Torke* Giue it me my Lord, ile shew it to the King:  
Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison.

*exit with them.*

*Buck.* My Lord, I pray you let me go poste vnto the King,  
Vnto Saint Albones, to tell this newes.

*Torke* Content, away then, about it straight.

*Buck.* Farewell my Lord.

*exit Buckingham.*

*Torke* Who's within there?

*Enter one.*

*One.* My Lord.

C

*Torke.*



*Terke.* Sirra go will the Earle of Salisbury and Warwicke,  
to sup with me to night. *exit Terke.*  
*One* I will my lord.

*Enter the King and Queene with her hawke on her fist, and  
Duke Humphrey and Suffolke, and the Cardinall,  
as if they came from hawking.*

*Queene* My lord, how did your grace like this last flight?  
But as I cast her off the wind did rise,  
And twas ten to one old Ione had not gone out.

*King* How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,  
Euen in these feeble creatures of his hands!  
Vnckle Gloster, how hie your hawke did soare,  
And on a sodain fowle the partridge downe.

*Suff.* No maruel, if it please your maiestie,  
My lord Protector's hawke doe towre so well,  
He knowes his master loues to be aloft.

*Hum.* Faith my Lord it is but a base mind,  
That can soare no higher then a Faulcons pitch.

*Card.* I thought your grace would be aboue the clowdes.

*Hum.* Yea my lord Cardinall, were it not good  
Your grace could flie to heauen.

*Card.* Thy heauen is on earth thy words and thoughts beat  
on a crowne, proud Protector, dangerous Peere, to smoothe it  
thus with King and common-wealth.

*Hum.* How now my lord, why this is more then needes,  
church-men so hate! good vnckle can you dote?

*Suff.* Why not hauing so good a quarrel, and so bad a cause.

*Hum.* As how, my lord?

*Suff.* As you, my lord, and it like your Lordly  
lords Protectorship.

*Hum.* Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insolence.

*Queen* And thy ambition Gloster.

*King.* Cease gentle Queene, and whet not on these furious  
Lords to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers on  
earth.

*houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*

*Card.* Let me be blessed for the peace I make,  
Against this proud Protector with my sword.

*Hum.* Faith holy vnckle, I would it were come to that.

*Card.* Euen when thou darest.

*Hum.* Dare! I tell thee Priest, Plantagenets could neuer  
brooke the dare.

*Card.* I am Plantagenet as well as thou, and son to Iohn of  
Gaunt.

*Hum.* In Bastardie.

*Card.* I scorne thy words.

*Hum.* Make vp no factious numbers, but euen in thine own  
person meete me at the East end of the groue.

*Card.* Heres my hand, I will.

*King.* Why how now Lords?

*Card.* Faith cosin Gloster, had not your man cast off so  
soon, we had had more sport to day, come with thy sword and  
buckler.

*Hum.* Faith priest ile shaue your crowne.

*Card.* Protector, protect thy selfe well.

*King.* The wind growes high, so doth your color, lords.

*Enter one crying, a miracle.*

How now! now sirra, what miracle is it?

*One* And it please your grace, there is a man that came blind  
to saint Albons, and hath receiued his sight at his shrine.

*King* Go fetch him hither, that we may glorifie the Lord  
with him.

*Enter the Mayor of saint Albons, and his brethren with musicke,  
bearing the man that had bene blind, betweene  
two in a chaire.*

*King.* Thou happy man, giue God eternall praise,  
For he it is, that thus hath helped thee.

*Humphrey* Where wast thou borne?

*poore man* At Barwicke sir, in the North.

*Hum.* At Barwicke, and come thus far for help?

*poore.* Yea sir, it was told me in my sleepe,  
That sweet saint Albons, should giue me my sight againe.

*Hum.* What art thou lame too?



Poore man Yea indeed sir, God help me.  
Humphrey How camst thou lame?  
Poore man With falling off on a plum-tree.  
Humphrey Wast thou blind, and wouldst climb plum-trees?  
Poore man Neuer but once sir in all my life,  
My wife did long for plums.  
Humphrey But tell me, wast thou borne blind?  
Poore man Yea truly sir.  
Woman. Yea indeed sir, he was borne blind.  
Humphrey What art thou, his mother?  
Woman His wife sir.  
Humphrey Hadst thou beene his mother,  
Thou couldst haue better told;  
Why let me see, I thinke thou canst not see yet.  
Poore man Yes truly maister, as cleere as day.  
Humphrey Saist thou so? what colour's his cloake?  
Poore man Why red maister, as red as bloud.  
Humphrey And his cloake?  
Poore man Why thats Greene.  
Humphrey And what colour's his hose?  
Poore man Yellow maister, yellow as gold.  
Humphrey And what colours, my gowne?  
Poore man Blacke sir, as blacke as ieat.  
King Then belike he knowes what colour ieat is on.  
Suffolke And I thinke ieat did he neuer see.  
Humph. But cloakes and gownes ere this day many a one:  
But tell me sirra, what's my name?  
Poore man Alas maister I know not.  
Humphrey Whats his name?  
Poore man I know not.  
Humphrey Nor his?  
poore. No truly sir.  
Hum. Nor his name?  
poore. No indeed maister.  
Hum. What's thine owne name?  
poore. Sander, and it please you maister.  
Hum. Then Sander sit there, the lyingest knaue in Chri-  
stendome.

stendome. If thou hadst been borne blind, thou mightst as well  
haue knowne all our names, as thus to name the seuerall co-  
lours we do weare. Sight may distinguish of colours, but so-  
dainly to nominate them all it is impossible. My lords, saint Al-  
bons here hath done a miracle, and would you not thinke his  
cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs  
again?  
poore man Oh maister I would you could.  
Humphrey My maisters of Saint Albons,  
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,  
And things called whips?  
Mayor Yes my lord, if it please your grace.  
Hum. Then send for one presently.  
Mayor Sirra, go fetch the Beadle hither straight.  
exit one.  
Hum. Now fetch me a stoole hither by and by,  
Now sirra, if you meane to saue your selfe from whipping,  
Leape me ouer this stoole, and runne away.  
Enter Beadle.  
poore. Alas maister I am not able to stand alone,  
You go about to torture me in vaine.  
Hum. Well sir, we must haue you find your legs,  
Sirra Beadle, whip him til he leape ouer that same stoole.  
Beadle I will my Lord, come on sirra, off with your doublet  
quickly.  
poore. Alas maister, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.  
After the beadle hath hit him one girke, he leapes ouer the  
stoole and runs away, and they run after him, crying,  
a miracle, a miracle.  
Hum. A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe, and  
whipt through euery market Towne till he comes at Barwicke  
where he was borne.  
Maior It shal be done my Lord.  
Suff. My lord Protector hath done wonders to day,  
He hath made the blind to see and the halt to go.  
Hum. Yea but you did greater wonders, when you made  
whole Dukedomes flie in a day.



*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

Witness France.

King Haue done I say, and let me heare no more of that.

*Enter the Duke of Buckingham.*

What newes brings Duke Humphrey of Buckingham?

Buck. Ill newes for some my lord, and this it is,  
That proud dame Elnor our Protector's wife,  
Hath plotted Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,  
By witchcrafts, sorceries, and coniurings,  
Who by such meanes did raise a spirit vp,  
To tell her what hap should betide the state,  
But ere they had finisht their diuellish drift,  
By Yorke and my selfe they were all surpriz'de,  
And heres the answer the diuell did make to them.

King First of the King, what shall become of him?

Reads The Duke yet liues, that Henry shall depose,  
Yet him out liue, and die a violent death.

Gods wil be done in all:

What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?

By water shall he die and take his end.

Suff. By water must the duke of Suffolke die.

It must be so, or els the diuell doth lie.

King Let Somerset shun castles,

For safer shall he be vpon the sandy plaines,

Then where castles mounted stand.

Car. Heres good stufte: how now my lord protector?

This newes I thinke hath turnde your weapons point,

I am in doubt youle scarcely keepe your promise.

Humph. Forbeare ambitious prelate to vrge my griefe,

And pardon me my gracious foueraigne,

For here I sweare vnto your maiesty,

That I am guiltlesse of these hainous crimes,

Which my ambitious wife hath falsly done:

And for she would betray her foueraigne lord,

I here renounce her from my bed and boord,

And leaue her open for the law to iudge,

Vnlesse she cleere her selfe of this foule deed.

King Come my lords this night wee le lodge in S. Albons,

And

*houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*

And to morrow we will ride to London,  
And trie the vtmost of these treasons forth,  
Come vnkle Gloster along with vs,  
My mind doth tell me thou art innocent.

*exennt omnes.*

*Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Earles of  
Sassbury and Warwicke.*

Yorke My lords, our simple supper ended, thus  
Let me reucale vnto your honors here,  
The right and title of the house of Yorke,  
To Englands Crowne by lineall descent.

War. Then Yorke begin, and if thy claime be good,  
The Neuills are thy subiects to commaund.

Yorke Then thus my lords.

Edward the third had seven sonnes,

The first was Edward the blacke Prince,

Prince of Wales.

The second was Edmund of Langley,

Duke of Yorke.

The third was Lyonell Duke of Clarence.

The fourth was Iohn of Gaunt,

The Duke of Lancaster.

The fifth was Roger Mortemer, Earle of March.

The sixt was sir Thomas of Woodstocke.

William of Winsore was the seventh and last.

Now, Edward the black prince he died before his father, & left  
behinde him Richard, that afterwards was King, crowned by  
the name of Richard the second, and he died without an heire.  
Edmund of Langly duke of Yorke died, and left behind him  
two daughters, Anne and Elinor.

Lyonel duke of Clarence died, and left behind, Alice, Anne,  
and Elinor, that was after married to my father, and by her I  
claime the Crowne, as the true heyre to Lyonell Duke  
of Clarence the third sonne to Edward the third. Now sir. In  
the time of Richards raigne, Henry of Bullenbrooke, sonne  
and



and heire to Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster, fourth son to Edward the third, he claime the crown, deposde the mirthful King, and as you both know, in Pomphret Castle harmles Richard was shamefully murdered, and so by Richards death came the house of Lancaster vnto the Crowne.

*Sal.* Sauing your tale my lord, as I haue heard, in the raigne of Bullenbrook, the Duke of York did claime the Crowne, and but for Owen Glendor, had bin King.

*Yorke* True, but so it fortun'd then, by meanes of that monstrous rebell Glendor, the noble Duke of Yorke was done to death, and so euer since the heires of Iohn of Gaunt haue possessed the Crowne. But if the issue of the elder should succeed before the issue of the yonger, then am I lawfull heire vnto the kingdome.

*War.* What plaine proceedings can be more plaine? he claimes it from Lyonel duke of Clarence, the third son to Edward the third, and Henry from Iohn of Gaunt the fourth son. So that til Lyonels issue failes, his should not raigne. It failes not yet, but flourisheth in thee and in thy sons, braue slips of such a stocke. Then noble father, kneele we both together, and in this priuate place be we the first to honor him with birth-right to the Crowne.

*Both:* Long liue Richard England's royall King.

*Yorke* I thank you both: but lords, I am not your king, vntil this sword be sheathed euen in the heart bloud of the house of Lancaster.

*War.* Then Yorke aduise thy selfe, and take thy time, Claime thou the Crowne, and set thy standard vp, And in the same aduance the milke-white Rose, And then to guard it I wil rouse the Beare, Inuiron'd with ten thousand ragged-staues To aide and help thee for to win thy right, Maugre the proudest lords of Henries bloud, That dares deny the right and claime of Yorke, For why, my mind presageth I shall liue To see the noble Duke of Yorke to be a King.

*Yorke.* Thanks noble Warwick, and York doth hope to see  
The

The Earle of Warwick liue, to be the greatest man in England, but the King. Come lets goe. *exeunt omnes.*

*Enter King Henry, and the Queene, Duke Humphrey, the Duke of Suffolke, and the Duke of Buckingham, the Cardinal, and dame Elnor Cobham, led with the Officers, and then enter to them the Duke of Yorke, and the Earles of Salisbury and Warwick.*

*King* Stand forth dame Elnor Cobham dutches of Gloster, & heare the sentence pronounced against thee for these treasons, that thou hast committed gainst vs, our States, and Peers. First, for thy haynous crimes, thou shalt two daies in London do penance barefoot in the streetes, with a white sheete about thy bodie, & a wax taper burning in thy hand: that done, thou shalt be banished for euer into the Ile of Man, there to end thy wretched daies, and this is our sentence irreuocable. Away with her.

*Elnor* Euen to my death, for I haue liued too long.  
*exeunt some with Elnor.*

*King* Gricue not noble vnckle, but be thou glad, In that these treasons thus are come to light, Lest God had pourde his vengeance on thy head, For her offences that thou heldst so deare.

*Humph.* Oh gracious Henry, giue me leaue awhile, To leaue your grace, and to depart away, For sorrowes teares hath gripte my aged heart, And makes the fountaines of mine eies to swell, And therefore good my Lord let me depart.

*King* With all my heart good vnckle, when you please, Yet ere thou goest, Humphrey resigne thy staffe, For Henry will be no more protected, The Lord shal be my guide, both for my land and me.

*Humph.* My staffe, yea noble Henry, my life and all, As erst thy noble father made it mine, And euen as willing at thy feet I leaue it, As others would ambitiously receiue it, And long hereafter when I am dead and gone, May honourable peace attend thy throne.

*King* Vnckle Gloster, stand vp and go in peace,

D

No



No lesse beloued of vs, then when  
Thou wert Protector ouer my land.

*exit Gloster.*

*Queene* Take vp the staffe, for here it ought to stand,  
Where should it be but in King Henries hand?

*Yorke* Please it your maiestie, this is the day  
That was appointed for the combating,  
Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,  
And they are ready when your grace doth please.

*King* Then call them forth, that they may try their rights.

*Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum before him, and his staffe with a sand-bagge fastened to it: and at the other doore, his man with a drum and sand-bag, and Prentises drinking to him.*

1 Neighbor Here neighbor Horner, I drink to you in a cup  
And feare not neighbor, you shall do well enough. *(offack.)*

2 Neigh. And here neighbor, heres a cup of Charneco.

3 Neigh. Heres a pot of good double beere, neighbour  
drink and be mery, and feare not your man.

*Armourer* Let it come, yfaith Ile pledge you all,  
And a fig for Peter.

1 Prentise Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not affeard.

2 Pren. Here Peter, heres a pint of Claret wine for thee.

3 Pren. And heres a quart for me, and be mery Peter,  
And feare not thy maister, fight for credit of the prentises.

*Peter* I thanke you all, but Ile drinke no more,  
Here Robin, and if I die, here I giue thee my hammer,  
And Will, thou shalt haue my apee, and here Tom,  
Take all my mony that I haue.

O Lord bleſſe me, I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale  
with my maister, he hath leard so much fence already.

*Salsb.* Come leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes:  
*Sirra,* whats thy name?

*Peter* Peter forsooth.

*Salsb.* Peter, what more?

*Peter.* Thump.

*Salsb.*

*houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*

*Salsb.* Thump, then see that thou thump thy master.

*Arm.* Here to thee neighbor, fil al the pots againe, for before we fight, look you, I will tell you my mind, for I am come hither, as it were of mans instigation, to proue my selfe an honest man, & Peter a knaue, & so haue at you Peter, with down right blowes, as Beuis of Southampton fell vpon Askapart.

*Peter* Law you now, I told you hees in his fence already.

Alarme: and Peter hits him on the head and fels him

*Arm.* Hold Peter, I confesse, treason, treason. *he dies.*

*Peter* O God I giue thee praise. *he kneeles downe.*

*Pren.* Ho well done Peter: God saue the King.

*King* Go take hence that triator from our sight,  
For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,  
And God in iustice hath reueald to vs,  
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,  
Which he had thought to haue murthered wrongfully:  
Come fellow follow vs for thy reward. *exant omnes.*

*Enter Duke Humphrey and his men, in mourning cloakes.*

*Humph.* Sirra, what's a clocke?

*Seruing.* Almost ten my Lord.

*Humph.* Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,  
That my poore lady should come by this way,  
In shamefull penance wandring in the streetes,  
Sweete Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrooke,  
The abieſt people gazing on thy face,  
With enuious lookes laughing at thy shame,  
That earst did follow thy proud Chariot wheelles,  
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streetes.

*Enter Dame Elnor Cobham barefoote, and a white sheete about her, with a waxe candle in her hand, and verses written on her back and pind on, and accompanied with the Shiriffes of London, and sir Iohn Standly, and officers, with billes and holbards.*

*Seruing.* My gracious Lord, see where my lady comes,  
Please it your grace, weele take her from the Shiriffes?

D 2

*Hum.*



*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

*Humph.* I charge you for your liues stir not a foote,  
Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,  
But let them do their office as they should.

*Elnor* Come you my Lord to see my open shame?  
Ah Gloster, now thou doest penance too,  
See how the giddie people looke at thee,  
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee here,  
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,  
And in thy pent vp studie rue my shame,  
And ban thine enemies: Ah mine and thine.

*Hum.* Ah Nell, sweet Nell, forget this extreame grieve,  
And beare it patiently to ease thy heart.

*Elnor* Ah Gloster, teach me to forget my selfe,  
For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife,  
Then thought of this, doth kill my wofull heart,  
The ruthlesse flints do cut my tender feete,  
And when I start, the cruell people laugh,  
And bids me be aduised how I tread,  
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,  
Malde vp in shame with papers on my backe,  
Ah Gloster, can I endure this and liue?  
Sometime Ile say I am Duke Humphreys wife,  
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,  
But so he rulde, and such a Prince he was,  
As he stood by, whilst I his forlorne Dutches,  
Was led with shame, and made a laughing stocke,  
To euery idle rascall follower.

*Hum.* My louely Nell, what wouldst thou haue me do?  
Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,  
I should incur the danger of the law,  
And thy disgrace would not be shadowed so.

*Elnor* Be thou milde, and stir not at my disgrace,  
Vntill the ave of death hangouer thy head,  
As shortly sure it will: For Suffolke he,  
The new made Duke, that may do al in all  
With her that loues him so, and hates vs all,  
And impious Yorke and Bewford that false priest,

Haue

*houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*

Haue all lymde bushes to betray thy wings,  
And flie thou how thou can they will intangle thee.

*Enter a Herald of Armes.*

*Herald.* I summon your grace, vnto his highnes Parliament  
holden at saint Edmunds bury, the first of the next month.

*Humph.* A Parliament and our consent neuer craude  
Therein before. This is sodeine,  
Well, we will be there. *exit Herald.*

*Maister Shiriffe,* I pray proceede no further against my  
lady, then the course of law extends.

*Shiriffe* Please it your grace, my office here doth end,  
And I must deliuer her to sir Iohn Standly,  
To be conducted into the Ile of Man.

*Humph.* Must you sir Iohn conduct my lady?

*Standly* Yea my gracious lord, for so it is decreede,  
And I am so commaunded by the King.

*Humph.* I pray you sir Iohn, vse her nere the worse,  
In that I intreat you to vse her well,  
The world may smile againe, and I may liue,  
To do you fauor if you do it her,  
And so sir Iohn farewell.

*Elnor* What? gone my lord, and bid not me farewell?

*Hum.* Witnesse my bleeding heart, I cannot stay to speake.

*exit Humphrey and his men.*

*Elnor* Then is he gone, is noble G'oster gone,  
And doth duke Humphrey now forsake me too?  
Then let me haste from out faire Englands boundes,  
Come Standley, come, and let vs haste away.

*Standly* Madame, lets go vnto some house here by,  
Where you may shift your selfe before we goe.

*Elnor* Ah good sir Iohn, my shame cannot be hid,  
Nor put away, with casting off my sheete:  
But come, let vs go, maister Shiriffe farewell,  
Thou hast but done thy office as thou shouldst. *exennt omnes*

*Enter to the Parliament.*

*Enter two Heralds before, then the Duke of Buckingham, and the*

D 3

Duke



*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

*Duke of Suffolke, and then the Duke of Yorke, and the Card-  
nall of Winchester, and then the King and Queene, and then the  
Earle of Salisbury, and the Earle of Warwicke.*

*King* I wonder our vncle Gloster staies so long.

*Queene* Can you not see, or will you not perceiue,  
How that ambitious duke doth vse himselfe?

The time hath beene, but now that time is past,

That none so humble as Duke Humphrey was:

But now let one meete him euen in the morne,

When euery one will giue the time of day,

And he will neither moue nor speake to vs,

See you not the Commons follow him

In troupes, crying, God saue the good Duke Humphrey,

And with long life Iesus preserue his grace,

Honoring him as if he were a King:

Gloster is no little man in England,

And if he list to stir commotions,

Tis likely that the people will follow him:

My lord, if you imagine, there is no such thing.

Then let it passe, and call it a womans feare,

My lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,

Disproue my allegations if you can,

And by your speeches, if you can reproue me,

I will subscribe and say, I wrong'd the Duke.

*Suffolke* Well hath your grace foreseene into that Duke,

And if I had beene licenst first to speake,

I thinke I should haue told your graces tale,

Smooth runs the brooke whereas the streame is deepest,

No, no my soueraigne, Gloster is a man

Vnsounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

*Enter the Duke of Somerset.*

*King* Welcome Lord Somerset, what newes from France?

*Somer.* Cold newes my lord, and this it is,

That all your holds and Townes within those Territories,

Is ouercome my Lord, and all is lost.

*King* Cold newes indeede Lord Somerset,

But Gods will be done.

*houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*

*Yorke* Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,  
Euen as I haue of fertill England.

*Enter Duke Humphrey.*

*Humph.* Pardon my liege, that I haue staid so long.

*Suffolke* Nay Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,  
Vnlesse thou proue more loyall then thou art,  
We do arrest thee on high treason here.

*Humph.* Why Suffolkes duke thou shalt not see me blush  
Nor change my countenance for thine arrest,  
Whereof am I guiltie, who are my accusers?

*Yorke.* Tis thought my lord, your grace tooke bribes from  
And stopt the souldiers of their pay, (France,  
By which his maiestie hath lost all France.

*Humph.* Is it but thought so, and who are they that think so?  
So God help me, as I haue watcht the night,  
Euer intending good for England still,  
That pennie that euer I tooke from France,  
Be brought against me at the iudgement day,  
I neuer robd the souldiers of their pay,  
Many a pound of mine owne proper cost  
Haue I sent ouer for the souldiers wants,  
Because I would not racke the needie Commons.

*Car.* In your Protectorship you did deuise,  
Strange torments for offenders, by which meanes  
England hath beene defamde by tyrannie.

*Hum.* Why tis well knowne that whilst I was protector,  
Pittie was all the fault that was in me:

A murtherer, or foule felonious theefe,

That robs and murthers seely passengers,

I torturd aboute the rate of common law.

*Suffolke.* Tush my lord, these be things of no account,

But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,

I do arrest thee on high treason here,

And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,

Vntill such time as thou canst cleere thy selfe.

*King* Good vncle obey to his arrest,  
I haue no doubt but thou shalt cleere thy selfe,

*Yorke*

*My*



My conscience tels me thou art innocent.

*Humph.* Ah gracious Henry these daies are dangerous,  
And would my death might end these miseries,  
And stay their moodes for good King Henries sake,  
But I am made the Prologue to their play,  
And thousands more must follow after me,  
That dreads not yet their liues destruction,  
Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his hearts malice,  
Bewfords finie eies shewes his enuious mind,  
Buckinghames prowd lookes bewraies his cruel thoughts,  
And dogged Yorke that leuells at the Moone,  
Whose ouerweening arme I haue held backe:  
All you haue ioynd to betray me thus:

And you my gracious lady, and Soueraigne mistris,  
Causelesse haue laid complaints vpon my head,  
I shall not want false witnessses inow,  
That so amongst you, you may haue my life.  
The prouerb no doubt will be well performde,  
A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog.

*Suffolke* Doth he not twit our Soueraigne lady here,  
As if that thee with ignominious wrong,  
Had suborn'd or hyred some to sweare against his life?

*Queene* Yea but I can giue the losse leaue to speake.

*Humph.* Far truer spoke then merit, I loose indeed,  
Besheuw the winners hearts, they play me false.

*Buck.* Heele wrest the fence, and keep vs here al day,  
My Lord of Winchester, see him sent away.

*Card.* Who's within there? take in Duke Humphrey,  
And see him garded sure within my house.

*Humph.* O! thus king Henry casts away his crouch,  
Before his legs can beare his body vp,  
And puts his watchfull shepheard from his side,  
Whilst wolues stand snarling who shal bite him first.  
Farewel my soueraigne, long maist thou enioy,  
Thy fathers happie daies free from annoy.

*Exit Humphrey, with the Cardinals men.*

*King* My lords, what to your wisedomes shall seeme best;  
Do

Do and vndo, as if our selfe were here.

*Queene* What wil your highnesse leaue the Parliament?

*King* Yea Margaret, my heart is killed with griefe,  
Where I may sit and sigh in endlesse mone,  
For who's a traitor? Gloster he is none.

*exit King, Salisbury, and Warwicke.*

*Queene* Then sit we downe againe my lord Cardinall,  
Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke and Somerset,  
Let vs consult of prowd duke Humphries fall,  
In mine opinion it were good he dide,  
For safetie of our King and common wealth.

*Suffolke* And so thinke I madame, for as you know,  
If our King Henry had shooke hands with death,  
Duke Humphrey then would looke to be our King,  
And it may be, by pollicie he workes,  
To bring to passe the thing which now we doubt,  
The foxe barks not when he would steale the lamb,  
But if we take him ere he do the deece,  
We should not question, if that he should liue,  
No, let him die, in that he is a foxe,  
Lest that in liuing he offend vs more.

*Car.* Then let him die before the Commons know,  
For feare that they do rise in Armes for him.

*Yorke* Then do it sodainly my Lords.

*Suff.* Let that be my lord Cardinalls charge and mine.

*Car.* Agreed, for hee's already kept within my house.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Queene* How now sirra, what newes?

*Messen.* Madame, I bring you newes from Ireland,  
The wilde Onele my lord, is vp in Armes,  
With troupes of Irish Kernes that vncontrolld,  
Do plant themselues within the English pale,  
And burne and spoile the Country as they go.

*Queen* What redresse shall we haue for this my Lords?

*Yorke* Twere very good, that my Lord of Somerset  
That fortunate champion were sent ouer,  
To keepe in awe the stubborne Irishmen,

E

He



He did so much good when he was in France.

*Somer.* Had Yorke beene there with all his far fetcht  
Pollicies he might haue lost as much as I.

*Yorke* Yea, for Yorke would haue lost his life, before  
That should haue reuolted from Englands rule. (then I.

*Somer.* Yea, so thou mightst, and yet haue gouerned worse

*Yorke* What worse then nought, then a shame take all.

*Somer.* Shame on thy selfe, that witheth shame.

*Queene* Somerset forbear, good Yorke be patient,  
And do thou take in hand to crosse the seas,  
With troupes of armed men to quell the pride,  
Of those ambitious Irish that rebell.

*Yorke.* Well Madame, sith your grace is so content,  
Let me haue some bands of chosen souldiers,  
And Yorke shall trie his fortune gainst those Kernes.

*Queene.* Yorke thou shalt, my lord of Buckingham,  
Let it be your charge to muster vp such souldiers,  
As shall suffice him in these needfull warres.

*Buck.* Madame I wil, and leuie such a band  
As soone shal ouercome those Irish rebels:  
But Yorke, where shal those souldiers stay for thee?

*Yorke* At Bristow, I will expect them ten daies hence.

*Buck.* Then thither shall they come, and so farewell.

*exit Buckingham.*

*Yorke* Adiew my Lord of Buckingham.

*Queene* Suffolke remember what you haue to do,  
And you Lord Cardinal concerning Duke Humphrey.  
Twere good that you did see to it in time.  
Come let vs go, that it may be performde.

*exeunt omnes, manet Yorke.*

*Yorke* Now Yorke bethinke thy selfe and rouse thee vp,  
Take time whilst it is offered thee so faire,  
Lest when thou wouldst, thou canst not it attaine,  
Twass men I lackt, and now they giue them me,  
And now whilst I am busie in Ireland,  
I haue seduced a headstrong Kentish man,  
Iohn Cade of Ashford,

*Vnder*

*houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*

Vnder the title of sir John Mortimer,  
To raise commotion, and by that meanes,  
I shall perceiue how the common people,  
Do affect the claime and house of Yorke,  
Then if he haue successe in his affaires,  
From Ireland then comes Yorke againe,  
To reape the haruest which that coystil sowed,  
Now if he should be taken and condemnd,  
Heele nere confesse that I did set him on,  
And therefore ere I go, ile send him word,  
To put in practise and to gather head,  
That so soone as I am gone, he may begin  
To rise in Armes with troupes of country swaines:  
To help him to performe this enterprize,  
And then Duke Humprhey, he well made away,  
None then can stop the light to Englands crowne,  
But York can tame and headlong pul them down. *exit York.*

*Then the curtaines being drawne, Duke Humphrey is discovered  
in his bed, and two men lying on his brest and smothering him in  
his bed: and then enter the Duke of Suffolke to them.*

*Suff.* How now sirs, what haue you dispatcht him?

*One.* Yea my Lord, he is dead I warrant you.

*Suff.* Then see the clothes laid smooth about him stil,  
That when the King comes, he may perceiue  
No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.

2. All things is handsome now my Lord.

*Suff.* Then draw the curtaines againe, and get you gone,  
And you shal haue your firm reward anon. *exeunt murderers.*

*Then enter the King and Queene, the Duke of Buckingham, and  
the Duke of Somerset, and the Cardinall.*

*King* My lord of Suffolke go call our vncle Gloster,  
Tell him, this day we will that he do cleare himselfe.

*Suff.* I will my Lord.

*exit Suffolke.*

*King.* And good my lords, proceed no further against our vn-  
Then by iust prooffe you can affirme,

(kle Gloster,

E 2

For



*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

For as the sucking child or harmlesse lamb,  
So is he innocent of treason to our state.

*Enter Suffolke.*

How now Suffolke, where's our vnckle?

*Suff.* Dead in his bed, my Lord, Gloster is dead.

*The King falls in a swoone.*

*Queene* Ay me, the King is dead: help, help, my lords.

*Suff.* Comfort my Lord, gracious Henry, comfort.

*King* What doth my Lord of Suffolke bid me comfort?

Came he euen now to sing a Rauens note,

And thinks he that the cherping of a Wren,

By crying comfort through a hollow voice,

Can satisfie my griefes, or ease my heart?

Thou balefull messenger, out of my sight,

For euen in thy eie-balls murder sits,

Yet do not go: come Basaliske

And kill the feely gazer with thy lookes.

*Queene* Why do you rate my lord of Suffolke thus,

As if that he had causde Duke Humphreys death?

The Duke and I too, you know were enemies,

And you had best say that I did murder him.

*King* Ah woe is me, for wretched Glosters death.

*Queene* Be woe for me, more wretched then he was,

What dost thou turne away and hide thy face?

I am no loathsome leaper, looke on me,

Was I for this nie wrackt vpon the sea?

And thrice by aukward winds driuen backe from Englands

What might it bode but that well foretelling (bounds,

Winds said, seeke not a scorpions nest.

*Enter the Earles of Warwicke and Salisbury.*

*War.* My lord, the Commons like an angry hieue of bees,

Run vp and downe, caring not whom they sting,

For good Humphreys death, whom they report

To be murdered by Suffolke and the Cardinal here.

*King* That he is dead (good Warwicke) is too true,

But how he died, God knowes, not Henry.

*War.* Enter his priuy chamber my lord, and view the body.

Good

*houses, of Torke and Lancaster.*

Good father stay you with the rude multitude, til I returne.

*Salsb.* I will sonne.

*exit Salisbury.*

*Warwicke drawes the curtaines and shewes Duke*

*Humphrey in his bed.*

*King* Ah vnckle Gloster, heauen receiue thy soule,  
Farewell poore Henries ioy, now thou art gone.

*War.* Now by his soule, that tooke our shape vpon him.

To free vs from his fathers dreadful curse,

I am resolu'd that violent hands were laid,

Vpon the life of this famous Duke.

*Suff.* A dreadfull oath sworne with a solemne tongue,

What instance giues Lord Warwicke for these wordes?

*War.* Oft haue I seene a timely parted ghost,

Of ashie semblance, pale and bloudlesse:

But loe; the bloud is setled in the face,

More better coloured, then when he liude,

His well proportioned beard made rough and sterne,

His fingers spread abroad as one that graspt for life,

Yet was by strength surprisde, the least of these are probable,

It cannot chuse but he was murdered.

*Queene* Suffolke and the Cardinall had him in charge.

And they I trust sir, are no murderers.

*War.* Yea, but twas well knowne they were not his friends,

And tis well seene he found some enemies.

*Card.* But haue you no greater proofes then these?

*War.* Who sees a heifer dead and bleeding fresh,

And sees hard by a butcher with an axe,

But wil suspect twas he that made the slaughter?

Who finds the partridge in the puttockes nest,

But will imagine how the bird came there,

Although the Kite soare with vnbloudy beake?

Euen so suspitious is this Tragedie.

*Queene* Are you the Kite Bewford, where's your talants?

Is Suffolke the butcher, where's his Knife?

*Suff.* I weare no Knife to slaughter sleeping men,

But heres a vengefull sword rusted with ease,

That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,

E 3

That



That slander me with murders crimson badge,  
Say if thou dare proud Lord of Warwickshire,  
That I am guilty in Duke Humphreys death.

*exit Cardinall.*

*War.* What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

*Queene* He dares not calme his contumelious spirit,  
Nor cease to be an arrogant controwler,  
Though Suffolke dare him twentie hundreth times.

*War.* Madame be ye still, with reuerence may I say it,  
That euery word you speake in his defence,  
Is slander to your royall maiestie.

*Suff.* Blunt witted lord, ignoble in thy words,  
If euer Lady wrongd her lord so much,  
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,  
Some sterne vntutred churle and noble stocke,  
Was graft with crab-tree slip, whose fruite thou art,  
And neuer of the Neuils noble race.

*War.* But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,  
And I should rob the deaths man of his fee,  
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,  
And that my soueraignes presence makes me mute,  
I would false murtherous coward on thy knees,  
Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech,  
And say it was thy mother that thou meantst,  
That thou thy selfe wast borne in bastardy,  
And after all this fearefull homage done,  
Giue thee thy hyre, and send thy soule to hell,  
Pernitious bloud-sucker of sleeping men.

*Suff.* Thou shouldst be waking whilst I shead thy bloud,  
If from this presence thou dare go with me.

*War.* Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence.

*Warwicke pulls him out.*

*Exit Warwick and Suffolke, and then all the Commons  
within, cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke.  
And then enter againe the duke of Suffolke and War-  
wicke, with their weapons drawne.*

*King* Why how now lords?

*Suff.*

*Suff.* The traiterous Warwicke with the men of Berry,  
Set al ypon me, mightie soueraigne.

*The commons againe cries downe with Suffolke, downe  
with Suffolke. And enter from them the Earle of Sa-  
lsbury.*

*Salsb.* My Lord, the Commons sends you word by me,  
That vnlesse false Suffolke here be done to death,  
Or banished faire Englands territories,  
That they will erre from your highnesse person,  
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died,  
They say, by him they feare the ruine of the Realme:  
And therefore, if you loue your subiects weale,  
They wish you to banish him from forth the land.

*Suff.* Indeed tis like the Commons rude vnpolisht hinds,  
Would send such message to their soueraigne,  
But you my lord were glad to be imployd.  
To trie how quaint an Orator you were,  
But all the honor Salisbury hath got,  
Is, that he was the Lord Embassadour,  
Sent from a sort of tinkars to the King.

*The Commons cries, an answer from the King,  
my Lord of Salisbury.*

*King* Good Salisbury go backe againe to them,  
Tell them we thanke them for all their louing care,  
And had not I bene cited thus by their meanes,  
My selfe had done it: therefore here I sweare,  
If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place,  
Where I haue rule, but three daies more, he dies.

*exit Salisbury.*

*Queene.* Oh Henry, reuerse the doome of gentle Suffolkes  
banishment.

*King* Vngentle Queene, to cal him gentle Suffolke,  
Speake not for him, for in England he shall not rest,  
If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare it is irreuocable:  
Come Warwicke, and go thou in with me,  
For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

*exit King and Warwick, manet Queene and Suffolke.  
Queene*



*Queene* Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,  
Theres two of you, the diuell make the third,  
Fire womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies?

*Suff.* A plague vpon them: wherefore should I curse them?  
Could curses kill as do the Mandrakes groanes,  
I would inuent as many bitter termes,  
Deliuered strongly through my fixed teeth,  
With twice so many signes of deadly hate,  
As leane facde Enuy in her loathsome caue,  
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,  
Mine eies should sparkle like the beaten flint,  
My haire be fixt on end, as one distraught,  
And euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,  
And now me thinkes my burthened heart would breake.  
Should I not curse them: poison be their drinke,  
Gall, worse then gall the daintiest thing they taste,  
Their sweetest shade, a groue of sypris trees,  
Their softest touch, as smart as lyzards stings,  
Their musique frightfull, like the serpents hisse.  
And boding srike-owles make the confort full,  
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell.

*Queene.* Enough sweete Suffolke, thou tormentst thy self.  
*Suffolke* You bade me ban, and will you bid me cease?

Now by this ground that I am banisht from,  
Well could I curse away a winters night,  
And standing naked on a mountaine top,  
Where biting cold would neuer let grasse grow,  
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

*Queene* No more, swaete Suffolke, hie thee hence to France,  
Or liue where thou wilt within this worldes globe,  
Ile haue an Irish that shall find thee out,  
And long thou shalt not stay; but ile haue thee repeald,  
Or venture to be banished my selfe,  
Oh let this kisse be printed in thy hand,  
That when thou feelest it, thou maist thinke on me:  
Away, I say, that I may feele my grieffe,  
For it is nothing whilst thou standest here.

*Suff.*

*Suff.* Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,  
Once by the King, but three times thrice by thee.

*Enter Vawse.*

*Queene* How now, whither goes Vawse so fast?

*Vawse.* To signifie vnto his maiesty,  
That Cardinall Bewford is at point of death,  
Sometimes he raues and cries as he were mad,  
Sometimes he calls vpon Duke Humphreys ghost,  
And whispers to his pillow as to him,  
And sometime he calls to speake vnto the King,  
And I am going to certifie vnto his grace,  
That euen now he cald alowd for him.

*Queene* Go then good Vawse, and certifie the King.

*exit Vawse.*

Oh what is worldly pompe! all men must die.  
And woe am I for Bewfords heauy end,  
But why mourne I for him, whilst thou art here?  
Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence to France,  
For if the King do come, thou sure must die.

*Suff.* And if I go, I cannot liue: but here to die,  
VWhat were it else, but like a pleasant slumber  
In thy lap?

Here could I, could I, breathe my soule into the ayre,  
As milde and gentle as the new borne babe,  
That dies with mothers dug between his lips,  
VWhere from thy sight I should be raging mad,  
And call for thee to close mine eies,  
Or with thy lips to stop my dying soule,  
That I might breath it so into thy body,  
And then it liude in sweete Elyziam,  
By thee to die, were but to die in ieast,  
From thee to die, were torment more then death,  
O let me stay, befall what may befall.

*Queene* Oh mightst thou stay with safetie of thy life,  
Then shouldst thou stay, but heauens deny it,  
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repeald.

*Suff.* I goe.

F

*Queene*



*Queene* And take my heart with thee.

*She kisseth him.*

*Suff.* A ieuell lockt into the wofullst caske,  
That euer yet containd a thing of worth,  
Thus like a splitted barke so sunder we:  
This way fall I to death.

*Queene* This way for me.

*Enter King and Salisbury, and then the curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were mad.*

*Car.* O death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare,  
Ile giue thee as much gold as wil purchase such another Iland.

*King* Oh see my lord of Salisbury how he is troubled,  
Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must haue thy soule.

*Car.* Why died he not in his bed?  
What would you haue me to do then?  
Can I make men liue whether they will or no?  
Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison which the Pothicary sent  
Oh see where Duke Humphreys ghost doth stand, (me:  
And stares me in the face: looke, look, combe down his haire,  
So now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

*Suff.* See how the pangs of death doth gripe his heart,  
*King* Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heauenly blisse,  
Hold vp thy hand, and make some signe to vs.

*The Cardinall dies.*  
Oh see, he dies, and makes no signe at all,  
Oh God forgieue his soule.

*Sals.* So bad an end did neuer none behold,  
But as his death, so was his life in all.

*King* Forbeare to iudge, good Salisbury forbear,  
For God will iudge vs all:  
Go take him hence, and see his funeralls be performde.

*Alarmes within, and the chambers be discharged, like as it were a fight at sea. And then enter the captaine of the shippe and the Master, and the Masters mate, and the duke of Suffolke.*

*houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.*

*folke disguised, and others with him, and Walter Whickmore.*

*Cap.* Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to yeeld,  
Vnlade their goods with speed, and sincke their ship,  
Here master, this prisoner I giue to you:  
This other, the Masters Mate shall haue,  
And Walter Whickmore, thou shalt haue this man,  
And let them pay their ransomes ere they passe.

*Suff.* Walter! *he starteth.*

*Walter* How now, what doest thou feare me?  
Thou shalt haue better cause anon.

*Suff.* It is thy name affrights me, not thy selfe:  
I do remember well, a cunning wifard told me,  
That by Walter I should die:  
Yet let not that make thee bloudie minded,  
Thy name being rightly sounded,  
Is Gualter, not Walter.

*Walter* Gualter or Walter, all's on to me,  
I am the man must bring thee to thy death.

*Suff.* I am a Gentleman looke on my Ring,  
Ransome me at what thou wilt, it shall be paid.

*Walter* I lost mine eye in boording of the ship,  
And therefore ere I marchant-like sell blood for gold,  
Then cast me headlong downe into the sea.

*2 Priso.* But what shall our ransomes be?

*Master* A hundreth pounds a peece, either pay that, or die.

*2 Priso.* Then saue our liues, it shall be paid.

*Walter* Come sirra, thy life shall be the ransom  
I wil haue.

*Suff.* Stay villaine, thy prisoner is a prince,  
The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Poole.

*Cap.* The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags?

*Suf.* Yea sir, but these rags are no part of the duke,  
Ioue sometime went disguised, and why not I?

*Cap.* Yea but Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be.

*Suff.* Base Iady groome, King Henries blood,  
The honorable blood of Lancaster,



Cannot be head by such a lowly swaine,  
I am sent Ambassador for the Queene to France,  
I charge thee waffe me crosse the channell safe.

Cap. He waffe thee to thy death, go Walter take him hence,  
And on our long boates side, chop off his head.

Suff. Thou darste not for thine owne.

Cap. Yes Poole.

Suff. Poole?

Cap. Yea, Poole, puddle, kennell, sincke and durt,  
He stop that yawning mouth of thine,  
Those lips of thine that so oft haue kist the Queene,  
Shall sweep the ground, and thou that  
Smildst at good duke Humphreys death,  
Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth.

Suff. This villain being but Captain of a Pinnais,  
Threatens more plagues then mighty Abradas,  
The great Macedonian Pyrate,  
Thy words addes fury and not remorse in me.

Cap. Yea but my deedes shall stay thy fury soon.

Suff. Hast not thou waited at my trencher,  
When we haue feasted with Queene Margaret?  
Hast not thou kist thine hand and held my stirrop?  
And barehead plodded by my footelothe Mule,  
And thought thee happy when I smild on thee?  
This hand hath writ in thy defence,  
Then shall I charme thee, hold thy lauish tongue.

Cap. Away with him V Walter, I say, and off with his head.

1 Pril. Good my lord, intreat him mildly for your life.

Suff. First let this neck stoope to the axes edge,  
Before this knee do bow to any,  
Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King,  
Suffolkes imperiall tongue cannot pleade  
To such a iady groome.

Walter Come, come, why do we let him speake?  
I long to haue his head, for ranisme of mine eie.

Suff. A sworder and bande to slaue,  
Murdered sweete Tully.

Brutus

Brutus bastard-hand stabde Iulius Caesar,  
And Suffolke dies by Pyrates on the seas.

exit Suffolke, and Walter.

Cap. Off with his head, and send it to the Queene,  
And ranismelesse this prisoner shall go free,  
To see it safe deliuered vnto her:  
Come lets go.

exunt omnes.

Enter two of the Rebels with long staves.

George. Come away Nick, and put a long staffe in thy pike,  
and prouide thy selfe, for I can tell thee, they haue bin vp this  
two daies.

Nicke Then they had more need to go to bed now,  
But sirra George, whats the matter?

George Why sirra, Iack Cade the Diar of Ashford here,  
He meanes to turne this land, and set a new nap on it.

Nicke Yea mary he had need so, for tis growne threedbare,  
Twas neuer mery world with vs, since these gentlemē came vp  
George I warrant thee, thou shalt neuer see a lord weare a  
leather aperne, now adaies.

Nicke But sirra, who comes more beside Iacke Cade?

George Why theres Dick the Butcher, & Robin the Sadler,  
and Wil that came a wooing to our Nan last sunday, & Harry  
and Tom, & Gregory that should haue your Parnil, & a great  
sort more is come from Rochester, & from Maidstone, & Can  
terbury, & al the townes here abouts, and we must al be lords  
or squires, as loone as Iacke Cade is King.

Nicke Harke, harke, I heare the Drum, they be coming.

Enter Iacke Cade, Dicke Butcher, Robin, Will, Tom,

Harry and the rest with long staves.

Cade. Proclaime silence.

All. Silence.

Cade. I Iohn Cade so named for my valiancie.

Dicke Or rather for stealing of a Cade of sprats.

Cade. My father was a Mortimer.

Nicke He was an honest man, and a good Brick-laiier.

Cade My mother came of the Brases.

Wil. She was a Pedlers daughter indeed, and sold many laces.

F 3

Robin



*Robin* And now being not able to occupy her furd packes,  
She washeth buckes vp and downe the countrey.

*Cade* Therefore I am honorable borne.

*Harry* Yea, for the field is honorable, for he was borne  
Vnder a hedge, for his father had no house but the Cage.

*Cade* I am able to endure much.

*George* Thats true, I know he can endure any thing,  
For I haue seene him whipt two market daies together.

*Cade* I feare neither sword nor fire.

*Wil* He need not feare the sword, for his coate is of prooffe.

*Dicke* But methinkes he should feare the fire, being so often  
burnt in the hand, for stealing of sheepe.

*Cade* Therefore be braue, for your captain is braue, and vows  
reformation: you shal haue seuen half-peny loaves for a peny,  
and the three hoopt pot, shal haue ten hoops, and it shal be fe-  
lony to drink smal beere, and if I be the King, as King I will be.

*Alk* God saue your maiestie.

*Cade* I thank you good people, you shal al eate & drink of  
my score, and go al in my livery, and weel haue no writing, but  
the score and the tally, and there shall be no lawes, but such as  
comes from my mouth.

*Dicke* We shall haue fore laws then, for he was thrust into  
the mouth the other day.

*George* Yea and stinking law too, for his breath stinkes so,  
that one cannot abide it.

*Enter Will with the clarke of Chattam.*

*Will* Oh Captaine, a pryze.

*Cade* VVhose that, VVill?

*Wil* The Clarke of Chattam, he can write and reade & cast  
account, I tooke him setting of boies copies, and he has a book  
in his pocket with red letters.

*Cade* Souines, hees a coniuurer, bring him hither,  
Now sir, whats your name?

*Clarke* Emanuell sir, and it shal please you.

*Dicke* It will go hard with you, I can tel you,  
For they vse to write that o'th top of letters.

*Cade* And what do you vse to write your name?

Or

Or do you as ancient forefathers haue done,  
Vse the score and the tally?

*Clarke* Nay true sir, I praise God I haue bin so wel brought  
vp, that I can write mine owne name.

*Cade* Oh he has confest, go hang him with his penny inck-  
borne about his necke.

*exit one with the clarke.*

*Enter Tom.*

*Tom* Captain: news, newes, sir Humphrey Stafford and his  
brother are comming with the Kings power, & me to kil vs al.

*Cade* Let them come, hees but a Knight is he?

*Tom* No, no, hees but a Knight.

*Cade* VVhy then to equal him, ile make my selfe Knight  
Kneele downe Iohn Mortimer,  
Rise vp sir Iohn Mortimer.

Is there any more of them that be Knights?

*Tom* Yea his brother.

*He knights Dicke Butcher.*

*Cade* Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher,  
Rise vp sir Dicke Butcher.

*Now sound up the drumme.*

*Enter sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother, with  
drumme and souldiers.*

*Cade* As for these filken coated slaues, I passe not a pinne,  
Tis to you good people that I speake.

*Staff* VVhy country-men, what meane you thus in troups,  
To follow this rebellious traitor Cade?

VVhy his father was but a Brick-laiier.

*Cade* VVell, Adam was a Gardner, what then?  
But I come of the Mortimers.

*Stafford* Yea, the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that.

*Cade* The Duke of Yorke, nay, I learnt it my selfe.  
For looke you, Roger Mortimer the Earle of March,  
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.

*Staff* VVell, thats true, but what then?

*Cade* And by her he had two children at a birth.

*Staff* Thats false.

*Cade*



*Cade* Yea, but I say, tis true.

*All.* Why then tis true.

*Cade.* And one of them was stoln away by a beggarwoman,  
And was my father, and I am his sonne,  
Deny it and you can.

*Nike* Nay looke you, I know twas true,  
For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,  
And the bricke is aliue at this day to testifie.

*Cade.* But dost thou heare Stafford tel the King, that for his  
fathers sake, in whose time boies plaid at spanne-counter with  
French crownes, I am content that he shall be King as long as  
he liues: may alwaies prouided, Ile be Protector ouer him,

*Staff.* O monstrous simplicitie!

*Cade.* And tell him, weele haue the Lord Sayes head, & the  
duke of Somersets, for deliuering vp the dukedomes of Anioy  
and Mayne, and selling the towns in France, by which meanes  
England hath bin maid euer since, and gone as it were with a  
crouch, but that the puissance held it vp. And besides, they can  
speake French, and therefore they are traitors.

*Staff.* As how I prethee?

*Cade.* Why the French men are our enemies, be they not?  
And then can he that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be  
a good subiect?

Answer me to that.

*Staff.* Well sirra, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings  
mercy, and he will pardon thee and these, their outrages and re-  
bellious deedes?

*Cade.* Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then ile  
pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his crowne tel him, ere it be  
long.

*Staff.* Go Herald, proclaime in all the Kings townes,  
That those that wil forsake the Rebel Cade,  
Shall haue free pardon from his maiestie.

*exit Stafford and his men.*

*Cade.* Come sirs, saint George for vs and Kent.

*exit omnes.*

*Alarums to battaile, and sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother is  
slaine.*

*slaine. Then lacke Cade againe, and the rest.*

*Cade.* Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to day most va-  
liantly, and knockt them downe as if thou hadst bin in thy  
slaughter house, and thus I will reward thee: the Lent shall be  
as long again as it was: thou shalt haue licence to kil for foure  
score and one a weeke: drum strike vp, for now weele march  
to London, for to morrow I meane to sit in the Kings seate at  
Westminster.

*exit omnes.*

*Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene with  
the Duke of Suffolkes head, and the Lord Say,  
with others.*

*King.* Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother is slaine,  
And the rebels march amaine to London,  
Go backe to them, and tell them thus from me,  
Ile come and parly with their generall.

*Reade.* Yet stay, ile reade the letter once againe:  
Lord Say, lacke Cade hath solemnly vowe to haue thy head.

*Say.* Yea, but I hope your highnesse shall haue his.

*King.* How now Madam, still lamenting and mourning for  
Suffolkes death, I feare my loue, if I had bin dead, thou wouldst  
not haue mournd so much for me.

*Queene.* No my loue, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

*Enter a messenger.*

*Messen.* Oh flie my Lord, the rebels are entered  
Southwarke, and haue almost wonne the bridge,  
Calling your grace an vsurper,  
And that monstrous rebel Cade, hath sworne  
To crowne him selfe King in Westminster,  
Therefore flie my Lord, and poste to Killingworth.

*King.* Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather  
An Army vp, and meete with the rebels:  
Come Madam let vs haste to Killingworth,  
Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs,  
For feare the rebell Cade do find thee out.

*Say.* My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me:  
And therefore with your highnesse leaue, Ile stay behind.

*King.* Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say:

G

Come



100  
Come Madame, let vs goe.

*Enter the Lord Scayles vpon the Tower  
walls walking.*

*Enter three or foure citizens below.*

*L. Scayles* How now, is Iacke Cade slaine?

*I Citizen* No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine,  
For they haue wonne the bridge,  
Killing all those that withstand them,  
The Lord Maior craueth aid of your honor from the Tower,  
To defend the cittie from the rebells.

*L. Scayles* Such aide as I can spare, you shall command,  
But I am troubled here with them my selfe,  
The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,  
But get you to Smithfield and gather head,  
And thither I will send you Mathew Goffe:  
Fight for your King, your country, and your liues,  
And so farewell, for I must hence againe.

*Enter Iacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his sword  
vpon London stone.*

*Cade* Now is Mortimer Lord of this cittie,  
And now sitting vpon London stone, we commaund,  
That the first yeare of our raigne,  
The pissing conduit run nothing but red wine,  
And now henceforth, it shall be treason  
For any that calls me otherwise then  
Lord Mortimer.

*Enter a souldier.*  
*Sould.* Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.

*Cade* Zounes, knocke him downe.

*Dicke* My Lord, theres an Army gathered together  
Into Smithfield.

*Cade* Come then, lets go fight with them,  
But first go on and set London bridge on fire:  
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too,  
Come lets away.

*Alarmes, and then Mathew Goffe is slain, and al the rest with him:  
then enter Iacke Cade again, and his company.*

*Cade.*

*houses, of Torke and Lancaster.*

*Cade* So sirs, now go some and pull downe the Sauoy,  
Others to the Innes of the court, downe with them all.

*Dicke* I haue a sute vnto your Lordship.

*Cade* Be it a lordship Dicke, and thou shalt haue it  
For that word.

*Dicke* That we may go burne all the Records,  
And that all writing may be put downe,  
And nothing vsde but the score and the tally.

*Cade* Dick it shall be so, and henceforward al thing shalbe  
in common, and in Cheapside shall my palphrey go to grasse.  
Why ist not a miserable thing, that of the skin of an innocent  
lamb, should parchment be made, and then with a little blotting  
ouer with inke, a man should vndo himselfe?

Some saies tis the bees that sting, but I say, tis their wax, for I  
am sure I neuer seald to any thing but once, and I was neuer  
mine owne man since.

*Nicke* But when shall we take vp those commodities  
Which you told vs of?

*Cade* Mary he that wil lustily stand to it,  
Shall go with me, and take vp these commodities following:  
Item, a gowne, a kirtle, a peticote and a smocke.

*Enter George.*

*George* My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say,  
Which sold the townes in France.

*Cade.* Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou buckrum  
What answer canst thou make vnto my mightines, (lord,  
For deliuering vp the townes in France to Monfier busse mine  
cue the Dolphin of France?

And more the so, thou hast most traiterously erected a gram-  
mer school, to infect the youth of the realm, & against the kings  
Crowne and dignitie, thou hast built vp a paper-mil, nay it wil  
befaid to thy face, that thou keepst men in thy house that daily  
reades of bookes with red letters, and talkes of a Nowne and a  
Verb, and such abominable words, as no christian eare is able  
to indure it: and besides al that, thou hast appointed certain iu-  
stices of peace in euery shire to hang honest men that steal for  
their liuing, and because they could not reade, thou hast hung  
them



them vp: onely for which cause they were most worthy to liue:  
thou ridest on a fothcloth, dost thou not?

Say. Yes, what of that?

Cade Mary I say thou oughtest not to let thy horse weare  
a cloake, when an honest man then thy selfe, goes in his hose  
and dublet.

Say. You men of Kent.

All Kent, what of Kent?

Say Nothing but *terra bona*.

Cade *Bonum terram*, sounds whats that?

Dick He speakes French.

Will. No, tis Dutch.

Nick No, tis Outtalian, I know it well inough.

Say. Kent, in the Commentaries Caesar wrote,  
Term'd it the ciuill place of al this land,  
Then noble country-men, heare me but speake,  
I sold not France, I lost not Normandie.

Cade But wherefore dost thou shake thy head so?

Say It is the palseie, and not feare that makes me.

Cade Nay thou nodst thy head, as who say, thou wilt be euen  
with me, if thou getst away, but ile make thee sure enough, now  
I haue thee: go take him to the standard in Cheapside & chop  
off his head, & then go to Milend-greeu, to sir James Cromer  
his son in law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me  
vpon two poles presently.

*Away with him.*

*exit one or two with the Lord Say.*

There shall not a nobleman weare a head on his shoulders,  
But he shall pay me tribute for it:  
Nor there shall not a maid be married, but he shall fee to me for  
Maiden head or else, ile haue it my selfe, (here  
Mary I will that married men shall hold of me in capite,  
And that their wiues shall be as free as hart can think, or tongue

*Enter Robin.*

(can tell.

Robin O capitaine! London bridge is a fire.

Cade Runne to Billingsgate, and fetch pitch and flaxe and  
squench it.

*Enter Dicke and a sergeant.*

*ser.*

*houses, of Torre and Lambeth.*  
*ser.* Iustice, iustice, I pray you sir, let me haue iustice of this  
fellow here.

Cade Why, what has he done?

*ser.* Alas sir, he has rauisht my wife.

Dick Why my lord, he woud haue rested me,  
And I went and entred my Action in his wiues paper house.

Cade Dicke follow thy sute in her common place,  
You horson villaine, you are a sergeant, youle  
Take any man by the throte for twelue pence,  
And rest a man when hees at dinner,  
And haue him to prison ere the meate be out of his mouth:  
Go Dicke take him hence, cut out his tong for cogging,  
Hough him for running, and to conclude,  
Braue him with his owne mace.

*exit with the sergeant.*

*Enter two with the Lord Sates head, and sir James*

*Cromers, vpon two poles.*

So, come cary them before me, and at euery lanes end, let them  
kisse together.

*Enter the duke of Buckingham, and Lord Clifford, the*  
*Earle of Comberland.*

Cliff. Why country men and warlike friends of Kent,  
What meanes this mutinous rebellion,  
That you in troupes do muster thus your selues,  
Vnder the conduct of this traitor Cade?  
To rise against your soueraigne lord and King,  
Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,  
If you forsake this monstrous rebell here?  
If honour be the marke whereat you ayme,  
Then haste to France, that our forefathers wonne,  
And winne againe that thing which now is lost,  
And leaue to seeke your countries ouerthrow.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford. *They forsake Cade.*

Cade Why how now, will you forsake your generall,  
And ancient freedome which you haue posselt,  
To bend your neckes vnto their seruile yokes,  
Who if you stir, will straightwaies hang you vp?

G 3

But



But follow me, and you shall pull them downe,  
And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.

All. A Cade, a Cade.

*They runne to Cade againe*

Clif. Braue warlike friends heare me but speake a word,  
Refuse not good, whilst it is offered you,  
The King is mercifull, then yeeld to him,  
And I my selfe will go along with you,  
To Winsore castle whereas the King abides,  
And on mine honor you shall haue no hurt.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford, God saue the King.

Cade. How like a feather is this rascall company  
Blowne every way,  
But that they may see there wants no valiancy in me,  
My staffe shall make way through the midst of you,  
And so a poxe take you all.

*He runs through them with his staffe, and flies away.*

Buck. Go some and make after him, and proclaime,  
That those that can bring the head of Cade,  
Shall haue a thousand crownes for his labor.  
Come march way.

*Enter King Henry, and the Queene, and Somerset.*

King. Lord Somerset, what news heare you of the rebel Cade?

Som. This my gracious lord, that the Lord Say is don to deith,  
And the cittie is almost sackt.

King. Gods wil be done, for as he hath decreed, so it must be:  
And be it as he please, to stop the pride of those rebellious me.

Queene. Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bin aliue,  
The rebell Cade had bin supprest ere this,  
And all the rest that do take part with him.

*Enter the Duke of Buckingham, and Clifford, with the  
rebells, with haliers about their neckes.*

Clif. Long liue King Henry, Englands lawfull King,  
Loe here my Lord, these rebells are subdude,  
And offer their liues before your highnesse feete.

King. But tell me Clifford, is their captaine here?

Clif. No, my gracious lord, he is fled away, but proclama-

ons are sent forth, that he that can but bring his head, shall haue a  
thousand crownes. But may it please your maiesty, to pardon  
these their faults, that by that traitors meanes were thus misled.

King. Stand vp you simple men, and giue God praise,  
For you did take in hand you know not what,  
And go in peace obedient to your King,  
And liue as subiects, and you shall not want,  
Whilst Henrie liues, and weares the English crowne.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.

King. Come let vs haste to London now with speed,  
That solemne processions may be sung,  
In laud and honor of the God of heauen,  
And triumphs of this happy victory.

*Enter Iacke Cade at one doore, and at the other, master Alexander  
Eyden and his men, and Iacke Cade lies downe picking of hearbs  
and eating them.*

Eyden. Good Lord how pleasant is this country life!  
This little land my father left me here,  
With my contented mind, serues me as well,  
As all the pleasures in the court can yeeld,  
Nor would I change this pleasure for the court.

Cade. Sounes, heres the Lord of the soile, stand villain, thou  
wilt betray me to the King, and get a thousand crowns for my  
head, but ere thou goest, ile make thee eat yron like an estridge,  
and swallow my sword like a great pin.

Eyden. Why sawcy companion, why should I betray thee?  
Is it not enough that thou hast broke my hedges,  
And entred into the ground without the leaue of me the ow-  
ner, But thou wilt braue me too?

Cade. Braue thee and beard thee too, by the best blond of the  
realme, look on me well, I haue eate no meat this fiue daies, yet  
and I do not leaue thee and thy fiue men as dead as a door nail,  
I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

Eyden. Nay, it neuer shall be said whilst the world doth stand,  
that Alexander Eyden an Esquire of Kent, took ods to combat  
with a famisht man, look on me, my lims are equall vnto thine,  
and euery way as big, then hand to hand ile combat thee. Sirra  
fetch



*The first part of the contention of the two famous*

fetch me weapons, and stand you all aside.

*Cade.* Now sword, if thou dost not hew this burly bond churl into chins of beefe, I beseech God thou maist fall into some smiths hand and be turnd into hobnailes.

*Eyden.* Come on thy way. *They fight, and Cade falls downe.*

*Cade.* Oh villain, thou hast slaine the floure of Kent for chivalry, but it is famine & not thee that has done it. for come ten thousand duels, & giue me but the ten meals that I wanted this five daies, and ile fight with you all, and so a pox rot thee, for Iacke Cade must die.

*Eyden.* Iack Cade, & was it that monstrous rebell which I haue slain: oh sword I honor thee for this, and in my chamber shalt thou hang as a monumēt to after age, for this great seruice thou hast done to me, ile drag him hence, and with my sword cut off head and beare it with me.

*Enter the Duke of Yorke with drum and souldiers.*

*Yorke.* In Armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine,  
Ring bells alowd, bonfires perfume the ayre,  
To entertaine faire Englands royall King:  
Ah *sancta Maiestas*, who would not buy thee deare?

*Enter the duke of Buckingham.*

But soft, who comes here? Buckingham, what news with him?

*Buck.* Yorke, if thou meane wel, I greet thee so.

*Yorke.* Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I sweare,  
What comest thou in loue, or as a messenger?

*Bu.* I come as a messenger from our dread lord & soueraign Henry, to know the reason of these Armes in peace?  
Or that thou being a subiect as I am,  
Shouldst thus approach so neare with colours spread,  
Whereas the person of the King doth keepe?

*Yorke.* A subiect as he is!  
O how I hate these spightfull abiect termes,  
But Yorke, dissemble till thou meete thy sonnes,  
Who now in Armes expect their fathers fight,  
And farre hence I know they cannot be:  
Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, pardon me,

That

That I answerd not at first, my mind was troubled,  
I came to remoue that monstrous rebell Cade,  
And heaue proud Somerset from out the Court,  
That basely yeelded vp the townes in France.

*Buc.* Why that was presumption on thy behalfe,  
But if it be no otherwise but so,

The King doth pardon thee, and grants to thy request,  
And Somerset is sent vnto the Tower.

*Yorke.* Vpon thine honour is it so?

*Buc.* Yorke, he is vpon mine honor.

*Yorke.* Then before thy face, I here dismisse my troupes,  
Sirs, meete me to morrow in saint Georges fields,  
And there you shall receiue your pay of me.

*exunt souldiers.*

*Buc.* Come Yorke, thou shalt go speake vnto the King,  
But see, his grace is comming to meete with vs.

*enter King Henry.*

*King.* How now Buckingham, is Yorke friends with vs  
That thus thou bringst him hand in hand with thee?

*Buc.* He is my lord, and hath discharged his troopes  
Which came with him, but as your Grace did say,  
To heaue the duke of Somerset from hence,  
And to subdue the rebels that were vp.

*King.* Then welcome cousin Yorke, giue me thy hand,  
And thanks for thy great seruice done to vs,  
Against those traitorous Irish that rebeld.

*enter maister Eyden with Iacke Cades head.*

*Eyden.* Long liue Henry in triumphant peace,  
Lo here (my Lord) vpon my bended knees,  
I here present the traitorous head of Cade,  
That hand to hand in single fight I slew.

*King.* First, thanks to heaven, and next, to thee my friend,  
That hast subdude that wicked traitor thus,  
Oh let me see that head that in his life  
Did worke me and my land such cruell spight!  
A visage sterne, cole blacke his curled lockes,  
Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brow,

H

Preser-



Prefageth warlike humors in his life.  
Here take it hence, and thou for thy reward,  
Shalt be immediately created Knight:  
Kneele downe my friend, and tell me whats thy name.

*Eyden* Alexander Eyden, if it please your grace,  
A poore Esquire of Kent.

*King* Then rise vp sir Alexander Eyden Knight,  
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue  
A thousand markes a yeere for to maintaine thee,  
Beside the firme reward that was proclaimde,  
For those that could performe this worthy act,  
And thou shalt waite vpon the person of the King.

*Eyden* I humbly thanke your grace, and I no longer liue,  
Then I prooue iust and loyall vnto my King. *exit.*

*Enter the Queene with the Duke of Somerset.*

*King* O Buckingham, see where Somerset comes,  
Bid him go hide himselfe till Yorke be gone.

*Queene* He shall not hide himselfe for feare of Yorke,  
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.

*Yorke* Who's that? prowd Somerset at liberty?

Base feareful Henry that thus dishonor st me,

By heauen, thou shalt not gouerne ouer me,

I cannot brooke that traitors presence here,

Nor will I subiect be to such a King,

That knowes not how to gouerne, nor to rule,

Resigne thy crowne prowd Lancaster to me,

That thou vsurped hast so long by force,

For now is Yorke resolu'de to claime his owne,

And rise aloft into faire Englands Throne.

*Somer.* Prowd traitor, I arrest thee on high treason,

Against thy Soueraigne Lord, yeeld thee false Yorke,

For here I sweare thou shalt vnto the Tower,

For these prowd words which thou hast giuen the King.

*Yorke* Thou art deceiued, my sonnes shall be my baile,

And send thee there in spight of him.

Ho, where are you boyes?

*Queene* Call Clifford hither presently.

*Enter*

*Enter the Duke of Yorkes sonnes, Edward the Earle of March, and crooke-backe Richard, at the one doore, with drum and souldiers, and at the other doore, enter Clifford and his sonne, with drumme and souldiers, and Clifford kneeles to Henry, and speaks.*

*Cliff.* Long liue my noble Lord and soueraigne King.

*Yorke* We thank thee Clifford:

Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookes,

If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneele againe.

*Cliff.* Why, I did no way mistake, this is my King:

What is he mad? to Bedlam with him.

*King* Yea, a bedlam frantike humor driues him thus,  
To leauy Armes against his lawfull King.

*Cliff.* Why do not your grace fend him to the Tower?

*Queene* He is arrested, but will not obey,  
His sonnes he saith shall be his suertie.

*Yorke* How say you boyes, will you not?

*Edward* Yes noble father, if our words wil serue.

*Richard* And if our words will not, our swords shall.

*Yorke* Call hither to the stake, my two rough beares.

*King* Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himselfe.

*Yorke* Call Buckingham, and all the frends thou hast,

Both thou and they shall curse this fatall houre.

*Enter at one doore the Earle of Salisbury and Warwicke, with drum and souldiers: and at the other, the duke of Buckingham, with drum and souldiers.*

*Cliff.* Are these thy beares? weel bayte them soone,  
Dispight of thee and all the frends thou hast.

*War.* You had best go dreame againe,  
To keepe you from the tempest of the field.

*Clf.* I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,

Then any thou canst coniure vp to day,

And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,

Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

*War.* Now by my fathers age, old Neuells crest,

The Rampant beare chaine to the ragged staffe,

This day ile weare aloft my burgonet.

H 2

A 2



As on a mountaine top the Cedar shewes,  
That keepes his leaues in spight of any storme,  
Euen to affright thee with the view thereof.

*Clif.* And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,  
And tread him vnderfoote with all contempt,  
Dispight the Beare-ward that protects him so.

*Yong Clif.* And so renowned foueraigne to armes,  
To quel these traitors and their complises.

*Rich.* Fie, charity for shame, speake it not in spight,  
For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to night.

*Yong Clif.* Foule Stigmatike, thou canst not tell.

*Rich.* No, for if not in heauen, you'le surely sup in hel.

*Alarmer to the battaile, and then enter the duke of Somerset and Richard fighting, Richard kills him under the signe of the Castle in saint Albons.*

*Rich.* So, lie thou there, and breathe thy last.  
Whats here, the signe of the Castle?

Then the prophesie is come to passe,  
For Somerset was forewarned of Castles,  
The which he alwaies did obserue,  
And now behold, vnder a paluy ale house signe,  
The Castle in S. Albons,  
Somerset hath made the Wiffard famous by his death. *exit.*

*Alarmer againe, and then enter the Earle of Warwicke alone.*

*War.* Clifford of Comberland, tis warwicke calls,  
And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,  
Now whilst the angry Trumpets sound Alarmer,  
And dead mens cries do fil the empty ayre:  
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,  
Prowd Northerne Lord, Clifford of Comberland,  
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

*Clifford speaks within.*  
Warwicke stand still, and view the way that Clifford hewes  
with his murdering curtelaie, through the fainting troupes to  
find thee out.

War.

Warwicke stand still, and stirre not till I come.  
*Enter Yorke.*

*War.* How now my Lord, what a foote?  
Who kild your horse?

*Yorke.* The deadly hand of Clifford, noble lord,  
Five horse this day, slaine vnder me,  
And yet braue Warwicke I remaine aliue,  
But I did kil his horse he lou'd so wel,  
The boniest gray that ere was bred in North.

*Enter Clifford, and Warwicke offers to fight with him.*

Hold Warwicke, and seeke thee out some other chafe  
My selfe will hunt this Deare to death.

*War.* Braue lord, tis for a crowne thou fightst,  
Clifford farewell, as I intend to prosper wel to day,  
It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassaild. *exit Warwicke.*

*Yorke.* Now Clifford, since we are singled here alone,  
Be this the day of Doome to one of vs,  
For now my heart hath sworn immortal hate  
To thee, and all the house of Lancaster.

*Clif.* And here I stand, and pitch my foote to thine,  
Vowing neuer to stir, til thou or I be slaine,  
For neuer shall my heart be safe at rest,  
Till I haue spoild the hatefull house of Yorke.

*Alarmer, and they fight, and Yorke kills Clifford.*

*Yorke.* Now Lancaster sit sure, thy sinewes shrinke,  
Come fearefull Henry groueling on thy face,  
Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of Yorke. *exit Yorke.*

*Alarmer, then enter yong Clifford alone.*

*yong Clif.* Father of Comberland,  
Where may I seeke my aged father forth?  
O dismall sight! see where he breathlesse lies,  
All smeard and wetred in his luke-warme blood,  
Ah, aged pillar of all Comberlands true house,  
Sweete father, to thy murdered Ghost I sweare,

H 3

Immor-



Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke,  
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,  
Till I haue furiously reuengde thy death,  
And left not one of them to breathe on earth.

*He takes him up on his backe.*  
And thus as olde Ankises sonne did beare  
His aged father on his manly backe,

And fought with him against the bloody Greekes:  
Euen so will I: but stay, heres one of them,  
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate.

*Enter Richard, and then Clifford layes downe his father, fights with him, and Richard flies away againe.*

Out crookt backe villaine, get thee from my sight,  
But I will after thee, and once againe,  
When I haue borne my father to his tent,  
He trie my fortune better with thee.

*exit yong Clifford with his father.*  
Alarmes againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing the duke of  
Buckingham wounded to his Tent.

*Alarmes still, and then enter the King and Queene.*  
Queene Away my Lord, and flie to London straight,  
Make haste, for vengeance comes along with them,  
Come, stand not to expostulate, lets go.

*King* Come then faire Queene, to London let vs haste,  
And summon a parliament with speede,  
To stop the fury of these dyre euent.

*exeunt King and Queene.*  
*Alarmes, and then a flourish, and enter the duke of*  
*Yorke and Richard.*

*Yorke* How now boyes, fortunate this fight hath beene,  
I hope to vs and ours for Englands good,  
And our great honor, that so long we lost,  
Whilst faint-heart Henry, did vsurpe our rights:  
But did you see old Salisbury since we  
With bloody minds did buckle with the foe,  
I would not for the losse of this right hand,  
That ought but well betide that good old man.

*Rich.*

*Rich.* My Lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,  
Charging his lance with his old weary armes,  
And thrice I saw him beaten from his horse,  
And thrice this hand did set him vp againe,  
And still he fought with courage gainst his foes,  
The boldest sprited man that ere mine eyes beheld.

*Enter Salisbury and Warwicke.*

*Edw.* See noble father where they both do come,  
The onely props vnto the house of Yorke.

*Salb.* Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke,  
And thou braue bud of Yorkes increasing house,  
The small remainder of my weary life,  
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,  
Three times this day thou hast preferude my life.

*Yorke* What say you Lords, the King is fled to London?  
There (as I heare) to hold a Parliament.  
What saies Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?

*War.* After them, nay before them if we can:  
Now by my Faith Lords twas a glorious day,  
Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke,  
Shal be eternizd in all age to come,  
Sound Drums and Trumpets, and to London all,  
And more such daies as these to vs befall.

*exeunt.*

FINIS.





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